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[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

VOLUMES of THE INQUIRER for the years 1859, 1863-66, and 1868, are missing from our set in the office. It is an awkward and annoying fact, which we have more than once confessed. We repeat it here again in the hope that some friend with a library to be thinned out or dispersed may be able and willing to make good our deficiency.

A BEAUTIFUL memorial of the late Charles W. Jones, of Liverpool, has been erected in Essex Church, Kensington, by Mr. Ronald P. Jones, his son, who is a member of the congregation. It will be remembered that Mr. Jones some little time ago gave a font to the church, in memory of his mother. The new memorial consist of a five-panel mosaic reredos by Mr. Henry Holiday, carved oak panelling round the apse; a new carved oak pulpit, choir stalls and communion table, and marble dado round the apse and pavement in the chancel. All this harmonises beautifully with Mr. Holiday's windows, which are already in the apse, and with the other oak panelling at the end of the church and the organ, an earlier gift of Sir John Brunner's. Mr. Jones's gift is completed by an enriched brass pendant for six electric lanterns, hanging from the chancel arch. The Sunday services in the church will be resumed to-morrow, and a special service for the dedication of the memorial will be held on Sunday morning, October 4.

THAT was a happy speech which Mr. Lloyd George made at the luncheon in

Hamburg at which he was entertained on Tuesday. The last time he was there, he said, he had settled the question of the load line. "It was a question full of complications and difficulties, and if we had wanted to quarrel the two nations could have quarrelled over the load line as well as over anything else. Instead of that, we came to an arrangement; instead of sending battleships to drive our arguments into one another's heads with twelve-inch guns, we sent Captain Chalmers and you sent Herr Krogmann with good sound arguments." Helped by the tact and skill of Hamburg they had settled the matter. Why not settle the load line of nations, so that the Ships of State should not be sunk by the burden of armaments? England and Germany needed one another; they could help each other, and he proposed the toast "Enduring friendship between Great Britain and Germany! May God watch over them and prosper them both!"

MR. EDWARD BERNSTEIN, late Social Democratic member of the Reichstag, endorses from the German side the Socialist desire for peace so well expressed by Mr. Keir Hardie on behalf of British Socialists. At the same time he is convinced that the movement is deep, and not the creation of a day or two, and that it will be necessary for the workers on both sides of the German Ocean to demonstrate again and again that they are pledged to peace. Last Sunday week a meeting assembled at Breslau—the largest mass meeting known in the town for thirty years—and passed the following resolution with the greatest enthusiasm: "This meeting protests against all agitations for war and diplomatic intrigues, and it renews again the resolutions of the workers of all countries to strive with all their power for friendly understanding between the nations."

WITH regard to Socialists and war, Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., has struck a strong note at North-west Manchester. He says: "I cannot imagine any substantial reason at all for the efforts that are being made in some quarters to-day to foment animosity between the people of this country and our neighbours in Germany. I have never met with a man who could give me a satisfactory reason why these two great nations should go to war with each other. But I believe the danger does exist. I believe that danger lies in the fact that public opinion in both countries is being prepared so as to regard war as inevitable. I regard it as a sacred obligation on the Socialist

and Labour movement to convince the two peoples that war is an impossible thing, and that it would simply be an outrage on the humanitarian sense of both nations."

A MANIFESTO ON WOMAN, issued by General Booth, and read at his request in every Salvation Army place of worship throughout the country last Sunday morning, is a document replete with the General's usual common sense. Though far from Pauline as regards woman's active relation to the Church, it is such as most modern Christians would heartily endorse. Physiologists and psychologists might state the case differently, but the average man would probably consider that the venerable Salvation Chief has come very close to a fair judgment, particularly where he says, "I do not say that every individual faculty in woman is equal to the corresponding faculty in man, any more than I would say each particular capacity possessed by man is equal to the same in woman. They differ both in character and degree. But where one is weaker, the other is stronger. For example, in the power of will, and in the possession of physical force, the man will be found to excel the woman. On the other hand, in quickness of perception, in powers of endurance, and in strength of love (the quality in us which is most God-like) woman is generally the superior of man. Taken as a whole, therefore, I say that woman is equal to man in the value of her gifts and the extent of her influence; and I maintain that if she be given a fair chance, she will prove it to be so."

A WORLD CONGRESS of Baptists opens to-day at Berlin. Interviewed on the subject by a representative of the *Daily News*, the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, secretary of the Baptist Union, declared that "Baptists are the most rapidly advancing body in Europe." He further maintained that whilst Roman Catholicism was waning, Baptists were making remarkable progress on the Continent. The object of the Congress is to promote increased fellowship and wider organisation. A meeting of leaders will be held in Berlin with the definite view of extending the Baptist denomination in every country in Europe. Britain alone is contributing 496 members to the Congress. Many of the poorer pastors in Europe will attend at the expense of a fund generously raised for the purpose. Hungary alone is sending 100 delegates. Mr. Shakespeare said: "There has been no Continental Baptist Congress since that held in Westphalia

in 1536, when Menno Simons reconstructed the Anabaptist Church and founded the Mennonite Church with which the early English Baptists were in communion." The allusion is an interesting reminder of the impassable gulf which separates Simons, with his total repudiation of the State, from Dr. Clifford, the modern Cromwellian, who would remould it nearer to his heart's desire.

THE Inter-Parliamentary Conference to be held in Berlin next month will be attended by at least sixty members of the British House of Commons, and may be reckoned among the many wise and humane efforts at work to counter-balance the foolish, narrow, and irresponsible words of journalists and others in both countries who seem bent on producing ill-will. Also, it is a significant and welcome movement on the part of Trades Unionists that Labour representatives will present an address to the German working classes. This is being drawn up by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, and will attest a friendly understanding between the workers of England and Germany. Mr. F. Maddison, M.P., secretary of the International Arbitration League, is arranging for the reception of the address, which will be taken to Germany by a deputation including Mr. G. N. Barnes, Mr. C. W. Bowerman, Mr. Will Crooks, Mr. A. N. Gill, Mr. D. J. Shackleton, Mr. W. C. Steadman, and Mr. Will Thorne.

THE question of a minimum wage for those engaged in co-operative service, recommended by a resolution of the Newport Conference, is engaging attention at various sectional conferences, and, although there is difference of view as to the practicability of the proposal as applicable to all localities and kinds of work, general opinion among co-operators is in favour of a minimum wage of 24s. a week for all male employees of twenty-one years of age and upwards. It should be remembered that the method of the co-operative stores usually includes a dividend out of profits to employees as well as trading members.

A FULL record of the proceedings of the International Congress for Historical Sciences, held at Berlin, August 6-12, appeared in last week's *Athenæum*. The last Congress was held at Rome in 1903; the next is to be in London, 1913. The invitation for this latter was very cordially received. It was presented by Sir John Rhys, British Hon. President of the Berlin Congress, supported by a letter from the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and a document signed by twenty-two British members of the Congress, presented by Professor Percy Gardner. The President, Dr. Koser, in accepting the invitation, said that Germany would always hold high in intellectual honour the land of Macaulay and Carlyle. Associating himself with the assurance of both the English speakers that historians are makers as well as writers of history, and on their side could work together, with the visit of King Edward and the approaching visit of Mr. Lloyd-George, in cementing friend-

ship between the two nations, he concluded his final speech by quoting Goethe's lines:

"Und das Wohl der ganzen Welt
Ist's, worauf ich ziele."

THE *Athenæum* report gives the following summary of a paper read in Section VI. (Church History, with Harnack as president) on "Prolegomena to the History of Protestant Thought," by Professor A. C. McGiffert, of New York:—"He suggested a new division of periods, and said there were no fundamental differences in theology between early Protestants and Catholics. Luther's conception of man as a child of wrath and in need of salvation was mediæval. Socinianism was the first real movement of Protestant thought. Rationalism is not more connected with Protestant than Catholic thought, but equally antagonistic to both, doing away with the need of religion. Evangelicalism explains the need of religion by the use of mediæval thought. The first constructors of Protestant theology of the real modern period were Comte, Hegel, &c. This should cause a new grouping and estimate of materials. All should be written with reference to the modern Protestant thought which for the first time puts Protestantism into touch with modern scientific thought, by recognising the dignity of man as consistent with the existence of religion."

THE August *Harper's*, in which Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The Testing of Diana Mallory," draws near to a close with passages of tragic interest, has two short stories of quite unusual charm and significance, and others which make it well worth while to secure this special number. The first short story, "The Flowers," by Margarita Spalding Gerry, has three coloured plates for illustration, and tells of a quaint old gardener's passionate love of his flowers, and how he fared with a little orphan lad who came to him through that same love. It is a good story for reading aloud at meetings where such charming and helpful things are desired. The other, "The Kingdoms of the Earth," by Alice Brown, is delightful in another way, and full of the wisdom of the true riches of life. The husbands and children of tired mothers should read another of the short stories, "The Selfishness of Amelia Lamkin," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

THIS month's *Country Home* (Constable, 6d. net) opens with an article on "Little Wolford Hall," in Warwickshire, with some beautiful illustrations, and there is a third article, completing the series, on "How to Live Without Servants," by one who does it. It is surprising how many labour-saving contrivances there are to be had, by those who know it. The writer concludes his article as follows:—"I think that living in this way upon an income of from £250 to £300 a year you can have more fun for your money, you can spend more upon travelling, upon the pleasures of your garden, upon charity to others, than if you live with servants in the ordinary way. I think you can have your surroundings nicer, and be free from a good deal of worry and trouble, and one thing I am sure of—you can be a great

source of amusement and interest to your friends."

THE New York *Charities and the Commons* of August 15 reprints a message of President Roosevelt's to the children of Washington, apropos of summer playgrounds. The President apparently spells *through* as here given, but leaves *true* alone:—

"TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF WASHINGTON:

"Thru Dr. Curtis I have learned that many of you are taking an active part in various athletic contests and athletic events in your city. I am glad to see this. I believe in work, and I do not believe in sacrificing work to play; but I most emphatically believe also in play. A boy or girl who has a healthy body will be all the better fit for serious work, and if the health come thru vigorous sports pursued in an honorable, straightforward manner, not only the mind but the character is benefited.

"To the boys I wish to say a special word. I emphatically believe in manliness, in courage, in physical address, but I believe quite as much in good comradeship and in a spirit of fair play. I hope that wherever you enter a contest you will do all that is in you to win, and yet that you will remember that it is far better to fail than to win by any unfairness, by any underhand trickery. Keep in mind that it is only by persistent effort in the face of discouragement that any of us ever do anything that is really worth while doing. The fellow who gives up when he is once beaten is made of mighty poor stuff, and if he thus gives up as soon as he is beaten in a sport, he does not stand much chance of success in the serious conflicts of after life. The true spirit, the spirit which wins victories in after life, is the spirit which fights hard to succeed, but which takes defeat with good nature and with the resolute determination to try again. It is a good beginning for this serious work of after life if on the playgrounds you learn how to co-operate with your fellows, and to do your best to win, while at the same time treating your opponents with fairness and courtesy.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

THE August *Book Monthly* has an interesting article, "A Reprint Referendum," telling what books have had the largest sales in several of the admirable reprint libraries, which are doing so much to bring good literature easily into the hands of the people. Of Dent's "Everyman's Library" four million volumes have been sold in the two and a half years since its establishment, those millions being made up of 340 different books. Among the most popular have been Dante's "Divine Comedy" and Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," with Tennyson and Browning, and Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," and a Shakespeare in three volumes. Emerson's and Matthew Arnold's *Essays* have also been very popular, and Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" has had a great sale in this and other libraries. In Frowde's "World's Classics" Tennyson, Arnold, and Chaucer have also taken the highest rank, and among novels

Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin," Tolstoy's "Tales," and others. Routledge's "New Universal Library" also bears witness to the popularity of Tennyson and of Lamb's Essays, O. W. Holmes' "Breakfast Table" books, Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," and of Carlyle.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the death of Edward Bache, on August 24, 1858, was commemorated on Sunday evening by a recital of his music after service in the Birmingham Cathedral. Edward and his younger brother Walter, and Constance, who wrote the charming biography of her "Brother Musicians," were children of the Rev. Samuel Bache, a well known Unitarian minister in Birmingham, at the New Meeting, subsequently the Church of the Messiah. Edward showed the greatest promise, both as performer and composer. As a boy of thirteen he played among the violins at the first performance of the "Elijah," at the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1846, when Mendelssohn himself conducted. Later, he studied music at Leipzig, the home of Bach and Mendelssohn, under Hauptman. He was only twenty-four when he died. The recital on Sunday evening included two organ solos, a Litany for solo voice and organ, a Romance in B flat for pianoforte and violin, and Psalm 122, from Montgomery's "Songs of Zion" sung by choir and people.

OF Edward Bache's music, an article which appeared in the *Birmingham Gazette* on Monday, by R. J. Buckley, spoke in the following terms:—

"All organists know and admire the Introduction and Allegro in the old style, and by this piece alone Bache will continue to survive in the churches. But most of his music is for the piano, and the Mendelssohnian manner is practically obsolete, at any rate, on the concert platform. In the home matters are on a different footing. For when we hear the virtuoso we must take what he chooses to give, and this is usually selected in order to display his agility and endurance, as though the qualities of an artist were the qualities of a competitor in a Marathon race. At home we play the music we love, and here may be heard the four Mazurkas and the Five Characteristic Pieces of F. E. Bache, recently republished in London. How much of the modern music now fashionable at the concerts will be republished after fifty years? Bache created beauty, and beauty never dies. On the other hand, ugliness not only dies, but also has no resurrection. It is because of his contribution to the beauty of life that the memory of Francis Edward Bache is honoured to-day; not by reason of his untimely death, not of his writings, some of which present an elaborate scheme for the establishment and maintenance of a Birmingham orchestra such as we fortunately possess at the present day. He was the Kirke White of music."

THE August number of *The Spade and the Sickle*, completing the first year's monthly issue of sermons by the Rev. E. I. Fripp, is entitled "He could not be hid." It is a beautiful and helpful sermon.

CLOSED AND OPEN PATHWAYS TO RELIGION.

IV.

RELIGION A REALITY AND A GROWTH.

EVEN perceptual construction, as already pointed out, is a kind of Totality, in so far as the object, although influencing various senses, is viewed as one. But on this level, although the object is viewed as one, yet it is not far removed in its nature from its separate impressions on the different senses. The perception of light under normal circumstances is not different in its nature from the perception of its various parts as broken up in passing through a prism. But when we pass to Conception and to the mental construction involved in it, we pass to something of a very different nature. The fact of the external world has now passed to its meaning. In this meaning all facts are lost and found, as the river is lost and found in the sea. It is in this Totality or Whole that each part finds its meaning and explanation, that it becomes something other and higher than mere perception. It is thus that the world becomes more and more intelligible and valuable from the standpoint of knowledge. We dare not ignore any facts, but we dare not ignore the Totality either. We are not free in the sense that we are independent of facts, but in the sense that this Totality gives meaning to every fact, transmutes it from being a thing to being a thought.

But, as already stated, the scientific construction becomes something like a fact of perception when placed by the side of a higher construction than its own. This means that it has to merge itself into this higher Totality or Whole and there find its meaning. The scientific construction may be fuller and clearer than the religious or over-individual construction which is above it, but that proves nothing concerning the superiority of the scientific one. For it might be shown that perception is clearer and fuller than the scientific synthesis, and if we gave it greater validity on this account we should destroy the possibility of all science. Perception had to merge into mentality in order to find its own meaning. When that happened, something new happened—nothing less than a mental reality over against an empirical one. It is precisely the same on the level above mentality. All the sciences—physical and mental—must merge into and obtain their meaning from this higher totality of life and of religion. They must give up their claims to superiority in spite of their ever greater fulness and clearness; they must obey the half-concealed and half-revealed demands of religion, the highest synthesis of life. Unless they do this, they put barriers in front of man's higher development. And this they have actually done and are doing. To elucidate this would carry us too far, but it is evident that whenever they have done this they caricatured life and its possibilities and became wretched contradictions in themselves. That the higher construction of life is related to what has gone before it explains nothing of the higher itself, more than to say that man has come from protoplasm explains anything of his mental and religious nature. He is not protoplasm now. The true

explanation is not to be found by looking backward or below, but by looking within and ahead. It is not the whence of its coming, but the whither of its going that explains best, because something of the whither of its being is in its nature now.

Let us turn for a moment to a similar havoc which is being done by traditional and liberal theology. The mischief is of the same nature as that brought about by the empiricist—viz., to reduce the higher to the level of the lower, and to mangle it under the categories of the lower. This havoc in theology has pretty well succeeded in reducing God and Jesus to the level of the senses. Indeed, in many ways orthodox Christianity is only spiritism under another name; and liberal Christianity is only science and history under another name. The former is largely perceptual; the latter is largely conceptual. Take two types—Mr. Campbell and Professor Pfeiderer. I put Mr. Campbell among the orthodox fold for fear some of his followers may pounce upon me because one dares find satisfaction in Unitarian Christianity. It is the spiritistic aspect that is strong in Mr. Campbell; it is the intellectual that is strong in Professor Pfeiderer. Both are out of the main deeper current of the philosophy of religion, and, indeed, both fail to state correctly the deepest problems of life. Professor Pfeiderer's late abandonment of his old attitude towards many religious problems is a proof of this, as was recognised by Professor Weinl in an article in the *Christliche Welt* some time during 1907.

The higher Reality is within us, in so far as it is an ideal which has come about through the acceptance of various factors outside our own individual life and its accomplishments. It consists of the totality of various situations, meanings, and values of life, which are greater and nobler than any individual acts of ours. It is clear that it differs, not only from our individual will, but also that it cannot make its permanent home within our breasts without terrible struggles between it and the natural ordinary will. In the degree the Overindividual reality is attended to, striven for, and becomes our own, in that degree do we possess the new life—the spiritual life—which belongs to a higher state of existence than either the natural life or even the life of culture and morality. It means no less than a portion of the World-life or Cosmic Life, a real revelation of the Divine. Religion does not mean, therefore, the possession of clear ideas about the connections of things or of thoughts. These certainly must ever contribute their subscription to the higher Totality of life. But to end instead of to begin here leaves us in mere intellectualism and subjectivism—poor helpless creatures of the day without capacity to be governed and carried forward, because we do not feel at home when we are out of the realm of the senses. We are afraid to be carried too far by the Overindividual or the Oversoul of truth, goodness, and holiness—in other words, by the revelation of God—because we cannot see it on sea or land. This distrust and fear are the remnant of our past ancestry. We are not quite men yet, because we look backward and downward far more and far oftener than we look forward and upward.

It has already been pointed out that we are afraid to be carried by this revelation too high, for fear our feet cannot come down again to the clay. Is it a wonder that our progress in religion is so slow and our hands are so feeble and our hearts are so faint, when all the time we live, act, and serve as if religion meant merely the blossoming of the natural life or the life of mental culture and æsthetics, as if, in reality, the fruits of religion grew on the tree of space and time. Our real God must mean something infinitely more than that for us, if we are to get out of our small self and link our lives to the overindividual relations, whose eternity no clock can state and whose infinity no space can cover. The mere synthesis of the natural and the mental life is not religion. All the great religious thinkers and workers of the world have said so to us, for with them all religion meant always something which had to work against the smallness and emptiness of the natural life in all its wildness, always something which brought forth a new Reality—a new incarnation of God into the world. But so many to-day want religion which will give them everything and which demands next to nothing from them. And they get what they want—a thing which is no religion at all. It is when this new Reality is attended to, is seen as Overindividual, striven after, sacrificed for, creating a revolution within the soul, it is then it becomes the spiritual synthesis of our being. The natural individual will dies when thus we are born from above, and the Overindividual meaning and value becomes our thought, feeling, and will. Thus man is lifted up to a new and higher order of things. Can such an eternal act as this take place without enormous energy and the probing of life to its very depths? It is easy enough and cheap enough, too, to say and to feel that God is within us. But the question is, Is He born within us? Is His will our will, are His thoughts our thoughts, and His feelings ours? Everything less than this in an individual or in a Church is doomed to decay and death. Time will eat all our syllogisms and theologies and æsthetics, unless we melt them in the great and spiritual synthesis of religion. Unless religion is this, it will never produce warmth in the depth of the soul; it will never bring man out of the realms of the senses; it will never give courage to row our boats into perilous gulfs and stormy seas, reckless of all logical and mental primness and small happiness. But an individual or a Church that ventures in the light and warmth of the Overindividual ideal is in the hands of the Divine, and if, like Abraham of old, it does not know *where* it is going, it knows something far better—*with whom* it is going.

Religion thus is the great secret which refuses to be lowered to the constructions of science or philosophy, and which no psychology can fathom; for all these sciences are only external factors which have entered into the Divine experience of the soul, and once there, they receive a meaning and value which they did not possess before entering. By obedience to the Overindividual Reality the centre of gravity of life is shifted from Time into Eternity, from the visible into the invisible, from the natural life to the spiritual

life hidden with God. That this deep experience is capable of being realised without any deep knowledge of science or philosophy has been proved abundantly within and without Christendom. Look at it at its height in the life of Jesus Christ and the early Christian community. They defy analysis, for they belong to a higher world of being than the world of physiological psychology. These moments of ecstasy, of union and communion with the Divine, in its revelation of the Overindividual acts and ideals, created within their souls a superhuman power which will remain in the world as long as men and women have feelings of wonder and admiration and love; these manifestations will remain as an Eternal Norm which will act as guides to the uninitiated in the forests and ravines of life. This is the deepest meaning of Christianity for us, and that is the reason why we must walk in its spirit. It produced in the Founder and his followers experiences and convictions which were above the world, and which, in a superhuman manner, always demands the world to turn to this Norm. We as Christians are in the line and heritage of this superhuman power. I remember well the Rev. Rees Jenkin Jones, of Aberdare, preaching once in this strain, and saying, "If we stand outside this, we are putting our train on a siding and allowing the express to pass by." Indeed I feel that it will be so. Are we, as liberal religious people of all denominations, going to leave this essence of Christianity on one side and merely look upon it as a subject for psychological analysis? There are many things in Christianity which we have outgrown. Certainly much that is external is crude enough and rough enough, but in it, too, there is a living power which will heal the diseases of the nations. This danger applies to many liberal religious organisations in Britain, Europe, and America. It is a matter of thankfulness that the leaders of these movements have worked so hard and so well in separating the chaff from the wheat, but surely we lesser men are not eating the chaff all this time and leaving the wheat on one side? We need no other religion. Christianity is absolute and final in this sense at least (and what deeper sense is there?)—that it was a revelation of eternal life in the midst of the flux of time.

But to close. We need to return at times—and the oftener the better—to remind ourselves of this superhuman content of Christianity in its Founder and in the great Personalities who followed him. There is no magic or charm by which the content can descend to us. But it is an experimental proof of religion. It is a concrete example how Eternity entered into Time and transcended Time, and an example of its possibility of entering again. Christianity has contributed so much to the Overindividual meanings of life. Herein lies its spiritual value. This value has to be carried further, for it becomes ever wider as the demands and needs of the world grow in complexity. This content of the Divine must be utilised by us, revered by us, prayed to by us; for this must produce in us the death of all fragmentary desires which have the audacity to thrust themselves into the soul of our being. We know God in so far

as we have experienced this. How much more than these Overindividual Ideals God is we do not know. He means for us so much as these mean, and we realise His nature in so far as we realise the nature of these. There is a real danger of worshipping a name and neglecting the content, a name the meaning and value of which we have done next to nothing to realise. This Abracadabra kind of religion ought really to disappear by now. It seems to me to be the gravest danger of the day. The experiencing of this meaning and enjoyment of the Divine will grant us power and joy which the world can neither give nor take away, and it will give to each one who will accept it and strive with the whole soul to realise it the strength of ten men who have not tasted it to work for this coming of Eternity into Time, of God into man, and of the kingdom of God upon the earth. W. TUDOR JONES.

Wellington, New Zealand.

TRAHERNE'S "MEDITATIONS."

WHEN a particular authoress, the virtue of whose writings we do not pretend to be in a position to commend, has her latest production in the press, the world, curious as to its title, which may not be divulged until the covers are ready, has to content itself with the advertisement that something is about to appear; and this manner of announcement, with other things added, is adequate to ensure, we suppose, a circulation of 250,000 copies. The other side of our picture is that four years ago Mr. Dobell announced that he would publish the chief prose work of Thomas Traherne, one of the best poets and rarest souls of the seventeenth century, so soon as he could have the names of 250 prospective purchasers. Whether these he has secured, after persistent advertisement in his monthly catalogues, we doubt; but at last he has printed and published "*Centuries of Meditations*," a book which forthwith takes its place in devotional literature.*

Having a foretaste of it in the introductory essay by Mr. Dobell to the poems of Traherne, first definitely given to the world by him, after the strangest of speculations by Dr. Grosart, in 1903, we have in all this interval waited, not patiently for it, for we have made inquiries after it, but with a keen anticipation and relish. It is sufficient at the outset to say that the promise in which we encouraged ourselves is at last amply fulfilled.

The position which Traherne takes as a poet in our seventeenth century literature is beside Herbert and Vaughan. He has not the delicate style of the one, nor the outreach of fancy—we use the term as including creative imagination and the construction of concrete illustration—of the other; but he has a simple sense of metre as adequate for its purpose, and he has above them what we can only describe as reflective imagination. He bends back more than they upon experience, to interpret it, to comment upon it,

* "*Centuries of Meditations*." By Thomas Traherne. Now first printed from the Author's MS., edited, and published by Bertram Dobell. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, pp. xxx. + 342, 5s. net; a few large paper copies, 10s. net.

and to illuminate it. It must have been obvious to those who read his poems, had they no knowledge that he also wrote works in prose, that here was a man specially fitted by spiritual temperament and literary equipment to produce just such a book as we now have before us.

The literary qualities of his *Meditations* we must here dismiss with the briefest note. In devotional literature greater liberty may be allowed than in almost any other; breaches of continuity in the thought and amplifications of expression are therein pardonable. Traherne's work has these; and the explanation is that his meditation frequently breaks into supplication or takes on an eloquence which is largely rhapsodical. As prose, his production is exceptionally free from the common conceits of the period; it has little artificiality; it is simple, fine, and clean-cut in its forms; and it is wonderfully well balanced at its best. Patches of it are "raggy," as well may be, seeing that it underwent no thorough revision. It has very few superlatives where positives will serve; and where superlatives are used, as the expression "infinitely infinite"—the worst case—they are used only because Traherne's and every vocabulary are inadequate to the definition of the terms of thought involved.

It is as a book of devotion that we must particularly consider it. To its advantage Mr. Dobell contrasts it with "The Imitation of Christ," and in this judgment, we believe, he has gone hopelessly astray. His contrast is less a comparison than an opposition in which, as we think, the spiritual values of the *Imitation* are overlooked. The *Imitation* may represent the spirit of the cloister, and may provoke such criticism as Dean Milman, particularly Dean Farrar, and others have urged upon it; but it is gratuitous to add that it is the spirit of a narrow and rigid Catholicism. The spirit which it really does represent is that which the busy and worldly man either desires, momentarily at least, or falls back upon; it is the spirit of the "different thing" every earnest soul often wants instead of the spirit of the world. It is, moreover, the spirit that is not wanting in Traherne's work. Mr. Dobell's contrast, however violent, is not clear, and we wish, supposing that the *Meditations* were intended for members of the Church of England who could not find undisturbed spiritual comfort in the *Imitation*, that he had allowed them to be regarded quite independently. This had been better, as the book, so far as we know, is distinct of its kind—perhaps such a book must be to be a book of devotion at all.

The literary sources of the book, apart from its illustrative references, are mainly the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. We are not able to trace it to any others of consequence; and we think that its freedom from indebtedness to the writings of St. Augustine is unmistakable evidence, if it were required, of Traherne's spiritual originality and insight. There can, of course, be no connection, but we find, as a point of interest, a handling of texts of scripture which recalls the manner of much in the *Theologia Germanica*.

Coming generally to the matter of the

book, we must first say that it provides very much that might be used in an extended lectionary for our pulpits, which, by the way, we shall be among the last persons to advocate.

"As it becometh you to retain a glorious sense of the world, because the Earth and the Heavens and the Heaven of Heavens are the magnificent and glorious territories of God's Kingdom, so are you to remember always the unsearchable extent and unlimited greatness of your own soul; the length and breadth and depth of your own understanding. Because it is the House of God . . . far more magnificent and great than the heavens; yea a person that in Union and Communion with God is to see Eternity, to fill His omnipresence, to possess His greatness, to admire His love; to receive His gifts, to enjoy the world, and to live in His Image. Let all your actions proceed from a sense of this greatness, let all your affections extend to this endless wideness, let all your prayers be animated by this spirit and let all your praises arise and ascend from this fountain. For you are never your true self, till you live by your soul more than by your body, and you never live by your soul till you feel its incomparable excellency, and rest satisfied and delighted in the unsearchable greatness of its comprehension."

This passage we have chosen as a fair specimen; other passages are superior in various respects, but it, if we can "average" literature, represents the matter and manner of the book.

We give some of our markings of incidental utterances.

"To be the Sons of God is not only to enjoy the privileges and the freedom of His house, and to bear the relation of children to so great a Father, but it is to be like Him, and to share with Him in all His glory, and in all his treasures. To be like Him in spirit and understanding, to be exalted above all creatures as the end of them, to be present as He is by sight and love, without limit and without bounds, with all His works, to be Holy towards all and wise towards all, as He is. Prizing all His goodness in all with infinite ardour, that as glorious and eternal kings being pleased in all, we might reign over all for evermore."

"A little grit in the eye destroyeth the sight of the very heavens, and a little malice or envy a world of joys. One wry principle in the mind is of infinite consequence. I will ever prize what I have, and so much the more because I have it. To prize a thing when it is gone breedeth torment and repining; to prize it while we have it joy and thanksgiving."

"An angel will be happy anywhere, and a devil miserable, because the principles of the one are always good, of the other, bad. From the centre to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills all is Heaven before God, and full of treasure; and he that walks like God in the midst of them, blessed."

"O Thou who art infinitely delightful to the sons of men, make me, and the sons of men, infinitely delightful unto Thee. Replenish our actions with amiableness and beauty, that they may be answerable to Thine, and like unto Thine in sweetness and value. That as Thou in all Thy works

art pleasing to us, we in all our works may be so to Thee; our own actions as they are pleasing to Thee being an off-spring of pleasures sweeter than all."

"One soul to whom we may be pleasing is of greater worth than all dead things."

"Assure yourself, till you prize one virtue above a trunk of money you can never be happy. One virtue before the face of God, is better than all the gold in the whole world."

"That a man is beloved of God, should melt him all into esteem and holy veneration. It should make him so courageous as an angel of God. It should make him delight in calamities and distresses for God's sake. By giving me all things else, He hath made even afflictions themselves my treasures. The sharpest trials, are the finest furbishing. The most tempestuous weather is the best seed-time. A Christian is an oak flourishing in winter."

The Third Century of these *Meditations* contains very much autobiographical matter of a spiritual type. This in itself is interesting, and it is valuable as affording an explanation and interpretation of a number of Traherne's poems which the section includes. The Fourth Century is more indirect in its reference; it is difficult to determine whether these meditations are entirely Traherne's or largely those of a friend.

Generally regarded, the whole book is based upon love of the world, as distinct from contempt of the world; but it is not the world of a close observer of the manners of men or the moods of nature. It is the world as a child should regard it—a child, moreover, with a sense of pre-existence—a world apprehended not sensuously, but in a purely spiritual manner, and absolutely, and "enjoyed in communion with God." So all beings in it are to be loved equally and infinitely. Stress is laid on the happiness or "felicity" which this conception involves. It is a felicity which in a strange man covers up, if it does not obliterate, Traherne's more distinct theology. Believing in Hell, he has yet to regard it as a part, the poison, of God's kingdom. Believing in the Fall and Original Sin, he has to say, "But I speak it in the presence of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ, in my pure primitive virgin Light, while my apprehensions were natural, and unmixed, I cannot remember but that I was ten thousand times more prone to good and excellent things than evil." The dominating idea of Felicity prevents the thought of eternity merely as a condition of time. "Eternity is a mysterious absence of times and ages: an endless length of ages always present, and for ever perfect."

That is true of Traherne in his *Meditations* which he remarks of Picus Mirandula in an oration, "Any man may perceive that he permitteth his fancy to wander a little wantonly after the manner of a poet; but most deep and serious things are secretly hidden under his free and luxuriant language."

As we think Traherne's poetry is worthy to stand beside Herbert's, so also we think of his prose, however dissimilar in character. It gives him rank among the best workmen of the seventeenth century;

and the "Centuries of Meditations" should find a place in the hearts of all lovers of devotional literature.

WILLIAM C. HALL.

SONGS OF JOY.*

WHAT are commonly called by English writers the "seven deadly sins" were first scheduled by Gregory the Great, in his *Magna Moralia*. They are called by him the principal or capital vices. They are the "captains" of the infernal army of Pride alluded to in Job xxxix. 25, where the horse of God (*i.e.*, the preacher) "smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting" (*exhortationem ducum, et ululatum exercitus* in the Vulgate). The fourth in rank is *tristitia*, or a dismal insensibility to joy. "Sloth" has since taken the place of this settled "gloom" in the central place of the seven; but Gregory's own enumeration seems more profound. Out of Anger, or Bitterness (the third of the seven), comes the joyless inappreciativeness of Gloom; and out of this again springs Avarice, the fifth in rank. For the man who has lost all access to the inward sources of joy grasps at its outward machinery and appliances. So far Gregory. And if at this point we graft, with Dante, the Aristotelian upon the Christian ethics, and regard reckless and licentious Prodigality as the twin of Avarice, we shall find that she, too, springs from joylessness. It is only the joyless that are "pleasure seekers."

Gloom, avarice, empty and vicious pleasure-seeking, are all of them forms of pessimism; and much of the noblest teaching of our own day is tainted with the same vice. Appeals to pity and tenderness, which dwell on the miseries without realisation of the joy of life can never make the world new. It is a sub-conscious sense of this defect in some of the most characteristic modern forms of the gospel of Love, that has made the character of Francis of Assisi like medicine to a sick world. His combined tenderness and sense of joy constitute his special beauty and strength. It is true that he was an ascetic, and we have little sympathy with asceticism. But fundamentally we feel that it was because of his deep sense of the goodness and fulness even of earthly life, not from any sense of its emptiness or treachery, that he sought neither wealth nor pleasure. He did not need them, for he had joy. His asceticism was traditional, and was practised in common with others. His joy was original and personal.

These thoughts have been suggested alike by the title and the contents of Miss Buckton's last volume of poems, with Blake's "Sons of God shouting for joy" on its cover—why cannot some art unknown on earth, such as the sculptured sound on the first cornice of Dante's "Purgatory" make Beethoven's "Freude-lich" sing from it as we open its pages? That would have completed the symbolism; but, after all, it is not needed. The songs make their own music. Joy as the interpreter of the Universe, as the "Great Response," as the "hidden name," faintly caught or half-suspected by the careless ear, singing itself into the very

centre of the earnestly receptive and actively redeeming life, is the theme of these poems. Many notes are here, but one melody. Quotations are vain things, often worse than vain; and it is with some compunction that I wrench just two passages from their context. First—

"I wander wide
O'er hills and valleys, under moon and stars,
Rapt in a secret tumult of delight
At every passing cloud and changing light,
On stream and mountain side."

And, second, from a poem on "Regret," who ever haunts man to cheat him of his birthright:—

"Thy palm is ever at his ear,
To catch the echoes, faint and clear,
From islands far away!
Thou fill'st his hands with empty shells,
And bleeding flowers and broken bells,
The treasures of Decay!"

P. H. W.

THE DREAM AND THE ADVENTURE.

GOING to Italy for the first time, like every other new experience about which one has always been dreaming, is a veritable adventure, and the results are as little to be conjectured beforehand as the consequences of "growing up," or falling in love. So much depends on temperament and on the extent to which one's imagination can emancipate itself from the enthralling but frigid pages of Baedeker. It is not enough to be numbered among the "cultured." People with encyclopædic brains, who can talk exhaustively about the Renaissance and Early Italian art are quite as likely as the Philistine to miss the real glamour of this enchanting country, although they certainly get more for their money than the plutocrat who vainly yearns for his Hôtel Métropole in towns which still retain something of their old mediæval appearance. But one *must* have what Mrs. Browning calls "the child's sight" which "sees all new," together with a spirit of abandonment to the joy of the moment, untrammelled by any utilitarian *arrière pensée* as to the amount of edification one is thereby obtaining. And, if one's holiday is brief, and one's travelling companions impatient of the raptures which are usually born of over-doses of undiluted Ruskin, the more restraint one practises in the way of "sight-seeing" the better. When you have once visited Italy, you have formed a friendship—it is never an acquaintance-ship!—with that fair land to which you will always be more or less faithful, and the "first time" is quite unlikely to be the "last time," if you live, and save your pence! Therefore it really does not matter whether you manage to "do" everything or not, if the time at your disposal is short; and should you spend idle hours on the Venetian lagoon, looking towards the hills of the Setting Sun, when you might be examining the mosaics of St. Mark's, or, if leaning over the parapet of the Ponte Vecchio, you watch with dreamy eyes the visionary snow-peaks afar off which Dante must so often have gazed upon, instead of comparing the Madonnas in the Uffizi, woe unto him who reproaches you! The pictures are

patient, and will wait; but that glow of eventide on the Euganean Hills—that white radiance of remote and inaccessible heights to which the brown Arno seems to be restlessly rushing—these will not wait, or rather, the emotions which they inspire in you when they are first seen will neither pause nor return.

Given the true spirit of adventure, a love of beauty, a sense of humour, and a childish feeling of expectancy, and there is nothing that one will not enjoy in Italy. The trains may be always late in starting; that gives one greater opportunities for studying the amusing people on the platform and for trying to count the varying shades of blue in the blouses of the *facchini*. There may be too strong an odour of garlick about the little luncheon-baskets you purchase on your journeys, but the flask of Chianti strikes a poetic note, to say nothing of the plump little oranges clinging to the bough thrust between a parcel of chicken and a roll of bread, which reminds one that golden fruit still grows in the Garden of Hesperides. The picturesque towns perched on olive-crowned hills in the shadow of distant mountain ranges are quite obviously dirty and malodorous; but it is impossible for one to turn with anything but regret from the jumble of quaint houses, with their variously-tinted shutters, fragmentary roof-gardens, and gay decorations in the form of coloured garments hanging from windows and balconies, unless one has actually experienced the discomforts which made Byron's unfortunate valet so blind to the beauties of Greece. And as for sleepless nights—say, in a noisy bedroom on the fifth floor of an hotel in Genoa—well, even the fatigue of that experience is felt to be compensated for as you drink your morning coffee in dressing-gown and slippers, and, looking down on the narrow cañon-like street below from the little square opening in the closed shutters, watch the gossips chattering as they shake their mats and counterpanes, unafrighted by the prodigious cracking of the whip with which every driver urges his apparently docile steed. Then there is the delight of trying to make the amiable Italians understand your halting French (because you have been unkindly told that "a little French will take you everywhere"); of purchasing such articles as soap, or fountain-pen ink, in shops where your pronunciation is not appreciated; of losing yourself in labyrinths of narrow alleys which meander round old churches and squares with charming inconsequence and picturesqueness—of peering into the courtyards of palaces with sumptuous marble steps, which are no longer swept by the costly brocades of great Italian nobles; of climbing (and this is best of all) through shady olive-gardens to some high grassy plateau, from whence one can see the Mediterranean matching with its sapphire the translucent sky above.

The Mediterranean—of what exquisite scenes, bathed in the golden light of mid-April (not the sterile glare of August), does not that remind one! And what beautiful names, sharing the glamour of beautiful places, are recalled to memory as one endeavours to live through again those perfect days (albeit spent mostly in the train!), when one journeyed from the

* "Songs of Joy." By A. M. BUCKTON. (Methuen & Co. 1s.)

South of France to Genoa, and then on again to Florence! Alassio, Portomaurizio, Nervi, Santa Margherita, Portofino, Rapallo, Spezia—they have “the inward music that lies in certain words. . . .” amber, ivory, foam, silence, dreams,” although they are printed in plain black and white in the Continental Bradshaw. Merely to murmur them in London on a July day is to be transplanted to a land of vines and peach-blossom, of cypresses and fig-trees, of white campaniles soaring over huddled brown villages, of quaint stucco villas tinted yellow, pink, and gray (and sometimes painted under the eaves with sprays of flowers), of ancient castles or fortresses which have mouldered into a semblance of the crags upon which they are piled; of purple mountains brooding over fertile slopes and plains; of lovely bays, and headlands feathered with pines; of gem-like islands haunted by the ravishing sea-music which lulled the last sleep of Shelley. It seems to be a matter of small moment that reputable English people with delicate lungs and a dread of humid winters, contribute largely to the prosperity of these popular resorts on the Italian Riviera. The latter have a beauty and a personality of their own which is as unmistakable (and as alien to the spirit of the wealthy Briton) as the lovely little landscapes seen through a window or doorway in pictures of the Holy Family by the Florentine Masters. And so the blossoms and foliage which seem most like our own still breathe, as indeed they should, the atmosphere of the glowing South rather than that of Kent or Sussex; and when the air is most fragrant with the perfume of stocks and roses, one is yet unable to forget the palms and orange-trees which share the sunlight with flowers so familiar to us. The desire to be perpetually reminded of one's native land, even in Italy, is indeed a fatal sign of the insularity to which we are all prone, but for which we should not expect to be excused too often. It is, as a matter of fact, an insult to the Spirit of Beauty, which, while men are herded into races and nations, and taught patriotism as a matter of expediency, showers her treasures with an impartial hand in every quarter of the globe. One has, it is true, fond memories of primrose-tufts at Pracchia which made one wistfully sigh, “Oh to be in England now that April's There,” . . . but that is another story.

LAURA ACKROYD.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE BIRDS' CHRONICLE—(Continued).

June 21.—I have just been watching one of the prettiest sights in the world—eight young blue-tits, clean and prim, like eight little children in their new pale yellow and blue summer frocks, fluttering about on the lawn, dropping and quivering their wings, opening their mouths, clamorous for food, while the parents' energy is kept taxed to the uttermost, making shot-like flights into the bushes and returning every few seconds with a fresh capture, aphid or spider, grub or fly, to keep pace, if possible, with the demands of the rapacious family. Anything more lively and winsome it would be impossible to imagine; nor, on the other hand, an instance of

more unflagging, arduous toil of parents for their offspring. Happily the green and leafy world which they inhabit teems with minute forms of life just at the time they are needed for the table. Moreover, by treating themselves liberally the tits render good service to us. Here is a walnut tree. A week ago its leaves were infested with blight. Up and down each midrib was a double line of greenish aphid, everyone of them sucking away at the juice of the tree for all it was worth. Then came the tits, and they, backed by a party of sparrows, have effectually cleared these pests off nearly every leaf. They are troublesome, it is true, in the spring, when they mistake gooseberry buds for insects, but they repay us later on.

July 3.—Talking of small birds, we are visited by three kinds of wrens: the hedge-wren (Jenny), the willow-wren, and the gold-crest. The sleek little willow-wren with its delicate yellowish plumage is a marvel of a songster. Not even a lark enjoys singing more than he, though he sticks at it longer. This fellow opens his throat and chucks up his head and rolls out his ditty. But Jenny is a good second and very merry; only remember it is not Jenny, but Jack that sings.

Gold-crest favours us more casually. I usually see a pair of them in March inspecting the buds on the apple and pear trees, and occasionally at other times. They are the gems of the bird world—at least in this country. Only once have I seen a gold-crest's nest (I don't count museum specimens) and that was in the savage days of my bird's-nesting boyhood. It was built right round a fir branch, so that the branch looked as if it had been thrust through the nest; it was in the form of a ball about the size of one's two fists, and was woven with exquisite skill of moss and lichen and small downy feathers. The entrance was by a little round hole in the side, and within were eight eggs no bigger than full-sized peas, and faintly sprinkled over with specks of brownish gold. The gold-crests are wonderful little creatures in all their ways, and most wonderful is their coming to us. They may be seen, especially where there are pine trees, at any time of the year; but they are by far the most numerous during the winter, when, to escape the severer cold elsewhere, they migrate to this country in immense numbers. Small as they are (you could send twenty of them in a big envelope through the post for a penny) fearless of the perils of the deep, and of the length of the wintry journey before them, they cross the North Sea from Norway by thousands; and glad as you may suppose such frail travellers must be of a rest or a lift by the way, while some will alight on the spars of passing vessels, or on the lanterns and rigging of lightships, others take advantage of bigger birds making the same journey, and nestle on their backs in the soft feathers between their big broad wings. In this way owls are said to serve as the wren's carriers—their air-ships. In the spring they make the same heroic journey back to Norway.

July 16.—“Why ever don't the martins build under our wide sheltering eaves?” we keep asking, until it occurred to somebody, one day, that without bricks or stone or wood a man could hardly build

anything more substantial than a castle in the air, and that swallows and martins are in the same box. Without mud they cannot build their snug mud houses. So ever since we have been longing for mud. Why can't the road make itself useful by being muddy in the summer instead of the winter?

July 17.—There! if you talk about anything, something is sure to happen. I was speaking of swallows and their tribe yesterday, now to-day—well, at 12.30 precisely—there was a sharp gust of wind which banged the doors to, and then went down the road and did the same, I expect, in the next house. Immediately after, a sprinkling of soot appeared on the top of the kitchen range, which was, of course, at once swept off. During the afternoon several more dustings of soot appeared, being each time cleared away. Then fluttering noises were heard, which, when listened for, seemed in the range itself. Lids were taken off, flue doors opened, and out shot a swallow, black as a crow. Our great-grandmothers would have said it was the devil. He had, no doubt, been sitting on the chimney-pot when that midday gust had upset his balance and sent him toppling down the black hole—not of Calcutta. Happily the accident occurred in the summer, when the kitchen fire was not alight—for nobody lights a kitchen fire in the summer, of course—else had the sequel been sadder. As it was, when the grimy captive escaped through the open window, he was greeted gleefully by his twittering brothers and sisters, who rushed up to him, probably doubtful at first whether he was friend or foe.

August 4.—We look upon most of our birds as natives—such as sparrows, starlings, blackbirds, and thrushes and robins, &c. Others are visitors of greater or less distinction. A sea-gull will occasionally in the winter survey the world from the chimney-pot—without tumbling down it. Rooks are assuredly no foreigners, since the clothes post is their rather favourite perch. Yet they are not reckoned as quite of the familiar garden party. In June came a cuckoo, who set up business as caller-up of a morning, and having rented the nest of a hedge-sparrow—the neatest villa in Hawthorn-place, as you might say—paid, by way of rent, the sum of one egg, requiring the same to be cherished with peculiar care by Madame Hedge-sparrow. From time to time comes the ring-dove, and coos ever so softly. If not a garden native, at any rate an intimate neighbour is the ring-dove. And now, to-day, a pair of jays—beautiful creatures with harsh voices, full of tricks, and as clever at talking as magpies. Once in the woods I heard a clamour unusual even for jays. I thought there must be some great sport in progress, and crept forward unobserved until I came in sight of a great hawk that had seized a jay and pinned it to the ground, and would have quickly despatched it but for the victim's mate, who kept on dashing down at it and screaming in its face to drive it off. I then approached and the hawk took flight. I carried the wounded bird home and doctored it as well as I could, but it died a day or two after. The plucky attempt of the mate to beat off the fierce assailant has made me think well of jays ever since.

H. M. L.

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THE FAITH AND MODERN THOUGHT.

IN speaking a fortnight ago of the Lambeth Encyclical, with its declaration, expressing the mind of two hundred and forty-three bishops and archbishops of the Anglican Communion, gathered from all quarters of the earth, we drew attention to its high ideal of service, and referred to some of the special points of practical interest dealt with in the resolutions of the Conference and further elucidated in the Encyclical.

The two first resolutions, on "The Faith and Modern Thought," we reserved for further consideration in connection with the report of the Committee, which took up this subject, and prepared the resolutions for the acceptance of the Conference. It is noted that the Conference as a whole is responsible only for the resolutions and the Encyclical Letter; for the report on each of the subjects dealt with only the Committees themselves are to be held responsible. Of the Committee on "The Faith and Modern Thought" Dr. TALBOT, Bishop of Southwark, was the chairman, and among the fifteen bishops who took part in its deliberations and the production of the report were Dr. BOYD CARPENTER, Bishop of Ripon; Dr. G. A. CHADWICK, Bishop of Derry; Dr. CHANDLER, Bishop of Bloemfontein; and Dr. E. J. PALMER, Bishop of Bombay, who acted as secretary. The resolutions were as follows:—

(1) The Conference commends to Christian people and to all seekers after truth the Report of the Committee on the Faith and Modern Thought, as a faithful attempt to show how that claim of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, which the Church is set to present to each generation, may, under the characteristic conditions of our time, best command allegiance.

(2) The Conference, in view of tendencies widely shown in the writings of the present day, hereby places on record its conviction that the historical facts stated in the Creeds are an essential part of the Faith of the Church.

The report, which occupies eleven pages of the published Proceedings of the Con-

ference (S.P.C.K., 10d.), does not carry us much further than the passage of the Encyclical which refers to the two resolutions, and which we shall quote immediately. It is, however, quite decided in some of its statements. Thus the report declares that "CHRIST, and nothing else, is the sum and substance, the object and centre, of our faith," while yet the Church has known from the first that her faith was always "in the Incarnate Word and the Triune God." But in another paragraph we read of CHRIST having come to fulfil, and then, after his manifestation, "for the future a Spirit was to go out from Him—the Spirit of the FATHER—to gather men into the boundless vitality of one life." In spite of the fifteen bishops and their distinguished chairman, we cannot help asking, Is that quite orthodox? The Conference holds so emphatically to the creeds, and the creeds undoubtedly declare that the SPIRIT proceeds from the FATHER and the SON. On the other hand, it is a curious fact that in the sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Bishop of MISSOURI, the presiding bishop of the Church in America, at the solemn service after the close of the Conference, God the FATHER, as an object of religious faith, was not once referred to. One reference, indeed, there was to "belief in the Holy Trinity" as part of the Catholic faith, but simply as involved in the acceptance of two facts "which seem to lift themselves highest and to sink themselves deepest among the Christian verities—viz., the Incarnation of God the Son in the Man CHRIST JESUS, and the special personal Presence and personal activity on earth now, and since the historic day of Pentecost, of God the Holy Ghost." Thankfully the preacher acknowledged that it was "God the Holy Ghost" who had brought them together, and that they could not think otherwise than that the gracious approval of "the Heavenly Head of the Church, our Blessed LORD and MASTER, and of the Earthly Head of the Church, God the Holy Spirit," had been with them in their gathering. And on these two central truths of the faith the sermon still further insisted in the following passage:—

"CHRIST in Heaven is God, and for Him and with Him and in Him our humanity is exalted, glorified, and immortal for ever. The HOLY GHOST on earth is God, all-present and all-helpful—far beyond what so-called Christian Science in its unregulated out-reaching imagines—guiding consciences, teaching through the Holy Bible, sanctifying souls and bodies in the Holy Sacraments, and in gracious spiritual gifts and helps inspiring good words and works in men, and energising and ruling CHRIST's Body, His Church. How shall not the truths of the Incarnation of God the Son, the One Advocate, Comforter, Strengtheners, and the Personal Presence and personal work on earth of

God the Holy Ghost, the other Advocate, Comforter, Strengtheners, with the accompaniments and sequences pertaining, fill out to the full the teaching of the Catholic Faith?"

If there were spiritual vitality in the doctrine of a Triune God, would it be possible in a sermon on such an occasion in this way simply to ignore "God the Father"? The Conference was not, of course, responsible for the Bishop of MISSOURI's sermon; but such an utterance is not without significance, and is certainly worth considering, side by side with the declarations of the Encyclical in which all the bishops are to be taken as agreed. The passage on "The Faith and Modern Thought" is as follows:—

"In humble reverence and unalterable devotion we bow before the mystery of the Trinity in Unity, revealed, indeed, once for all, but revealing to each generation, and not least to our own, 'new depths of the Divine.' We bow before the mystery of God Incarnate in the person of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, this, too, revealed once for all, but revealing to our times with novel clearness both God and man, and interpreting and confirming to us all that we have hoped or dreamed concerning union between them. We reaffirm the essential place of the historic facts stated by the Creeds in the structure of our faith. Many in our days have rashly denied the importance of these facts, but the ideas, which these facts have in part generated and have always expressed, cannot be dissociated from them. Without the historic creeds, the ideas would evaporate into unsubstantial vagueness, and Christianity would be in danger of degenerating into a nerveless altruism.

"In the intellectual activity, the ferment of thought and the variety of opinion which are characteristic of our day, we have in our holy faith not only a sure and steadfast anchor, but a centre of light which illumines the new truth and blends with the new light; for the new truth and new light are ultimately derived from the One Source of all truth and all light. We are bound, therefore, by our principles to look with confidence and hope on the progress of thought. But we mark in the present day special reasons for such confidence. Materialism has not, for the minds of our generation, the strength or the attractiveness that once it had. Science displays in an unprecedented way the witness of Nature to the wisdom of God. Men's minds are more and more set towards the spiritual, even when they are set away from Christianity. It is our duty, therefore, to contend the more earnestly for the truth once delivered to the Saints, which is the secret of life. And, at the same time, it is our duty to learn all that God is teaching us through the study and discoveries of our contemporaries, whether inside or outside the Church, discerning, indeed, the spirits, whether they be of God, but bending with reverent teachableness to the influence of His Spirit, from whatever quarter He may breathe upon us."

What we note especially in this passage, as in the report to which it refers, is the

blending of an earnest confidence in the power of spiritual truth with a clinging to old forms of thought (said to be facts, essential to the faith of the Church), which seem strangely remote from the religion of JESUS, and inconsistent with the testimony both of history and present-day religious experience as to what is the abiding and essential truth of the Christian spirit of life. The Encyclical, immediately after the passage above quoted, goes on, "But to meet the demands of such a time as ours, to appropriate its blessings and to repel its dangers, there is need of a far greater effort on the part of the Church to deal with the intellectual side of religion and life." If that effort could only be made with greater courage and with greater simplicity, we cannot help thinking that the Church's vision of what is essential to its faith would gain a clearness and consistency of truth, and a deep and satisfying power of appeal to the universal needs of the human heart, such as it does not now possess.

The Encyclical recognises that there is the One Source of all truth and of all light, both the new and the old, and that GOD is teaching us now through the studies and discoveries of contemporaries, whether inside or outside the Church. It acknowledges the duty of "bending with reverent teachableness to the influence of His Spirit, from whatever quarter He may breathe upon us," and yet it persists that the "historical facts stated by the creeds," are essential to the faith of the Church. Thus it is practically affirmed that one cannot hold the true faith of a Christian without believing in the descent from Heaven of GOD the Son, his incarnation in the person of JESUS, the virgin birth, and after the crucifixion the descent into hell, the resurrection on the third day, and the subsequent ascension into heaven. Historical criticism, in the Bishops' view, has availed nothing to eliminate any of these elements of miracle and old-world cosmology from the true story of the life of JESUS, and they continue to maintain, what they assert that the Church has from the first conscientiously held, their faith "in the incarnate WORD and the Triune GOD." Yet the same report, which insists on these things, declares that "the truth must shine by its own light. CHRIST is His own best witness."

May we not rightly ask, What is the witness of CHRIST? Is it not in the actual spirit of his life and his own words, of which the creeds, with their "historic facts," have nothing to say? The bishops are afraid that "without the historic creeds, the ideas would evaporate into unsubstantial vagueness," but, whatever might evaporate, have they no faith in the gospel record and the living fellowship of CHRIST's disciples? We believe with absolute conviction that truth does shine

by its own light, and CHRIST is his own witness.

But it is the witness of one who gave to his disciples the Beatitudes and the Lord's Prayer, the parables of the Prodigal and the Good Samaritan, and great words concerning righteousness and the kingdom, and inward purity and sincerity of life, who gathered the children about him and said, "Of such is the Kingdom of GOD," who uttered the warning, "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my FATHER, who is in heaven." It is the witness of one to whom the friendless, the suffering, the sorrowful, the down-trodden gladly came, gaining from the touch of his compassion, and his gracious spirit a new hope, a new trust in human brotherhood and the love of GOD; one who took the degraded and the sinful by the hand, wakening in them also a new hope and confidence in the FATHER's compassion and forgiving love; one in whom men found and still find the great friend and chief of faithful souls, with whom they have the confidence of a new and better life, a new passion of service and of love, which is proved to be stronger than death. It is the witness of one who gave his own life for his brethren's sake, in utter loyalty to truth and right, and in great love, which endured to the uttermost, and out of the darkness of the final tragedy was revealed in the hearts that had come to know and to love him as victorious over death—one who thus raised his brethren out of death into the new life of unconquerable faith, and opened to them the vision of the larger fellowship of heaven. These are things of the Spirit, to which only the testimony of inward truth can bear witness, and in every generation the witness is borne in those who learn with JESUS what it is to be children of the living GOD.

Not the "historic creeds," but the life with GOD, in fellowship with JESUS, is the abiding need of the Church and of mankind. There is no "unsubstantial vagueness" or "nerveless altruism" (whatever that may be) in those who look into the face of their friend, and learn with him the secret of unselfishness and loving service, and of perfect trust and surrender to the FATHER's will. The Bishop of MISSOURI, after all, was right when in his sermon he spoke of our ever-present and all-helpful GOD as the Holy Spirit; but he might have remembered that He is as truly the heavenly FATHER, to whom JESUS prayed and taught his disciples to pray. It is to no "Triune GOD," but to the One Eternal, ever-present, whether on earth or in heaven, that JESUS brings his friends and followers. The testimony of the faith which cannot be shaken is in the life. That is only vague to those who do not live.

CARE AND CONTROL OF THE FEEBLE-MINDED.

SIR,—Will you allow me to thank you very warmly for your able and sympathetic leader on the Royal Commission's Report on the Feeble-minded. As you will believe, it is satisfactory to my colleagues and myself to find that, should legislation follow the issuing of the report, it must be such as will enforce the principles we have been carrying out in our schools and colony at Sandlebridge.

Perhaps the most important words in the report are these:—"It follows that the State should have authority to segregate and to detain mentally-defective persons, under proper conditions and limitations." It is for this that our Society has been contending now for ten years. It has been a very uphill fight. When I look back and remember how difficult it was to convince people that such segregation and detention were the only means of preventing the evil, it is astonishing to me to see how greatly public opinion has altered in the time. Many and various were the objections raised; the National Association refused to consider the question of permanence; its hon. secretary and others said that it was a shame to brand people for life; but it was Nature that had already branded them. Other people shook their heads and said that our theories were sound, but that they were wholly unpractical, and that we should never be able to keep our boys and girls when they grew up. Others said that the provision we desired to make was too costly, and that we could never raise the money to carry out our scheme. It is pleasant to remember that our very first help came from Mr. Harry Rawson; he printed my first appeal for me. It was his first help, but by no means his last. One good friend said: "Speak about it, in season and out of season; keep on speaking." "But—," said I. "Yes," he interrupted, "you will be a nuisance, but no good thing was ever done without someone's being a nuisance."

You and your readers, at any rate, have never allowed me to feel that I am a nuisance. It has always been a pleasure to write to you about my children, and not only has substantial support reached me as a result of my letters to THE INQUIRER, but kindly encouragement and sympathy, the expression of which has been of the very greatest help. For, indeed, there have been many times of discouragement and almost despair in the course of the last ten years, when I have been tempted to give up altogether. Our success has not been easily won.

We have made so much progress since I sat to be examined by the Royal Commissioners that I could almost wish my evidence were still to be given. The best of it is, that things which then were matters of expectation only, are established facts now. Then we had two houses with boys in one and girls in the other. Only fifty children in all; and none of them were over sixteen years of age. We were sure they would stay with us, but it remained to be proved. Now, four years later, very nearly all of them are still with us. One or two have died; two or three have been removed by their parents; this should not be possible. Some of the

boys are nearly twenty years old, and they are easier to manage than ever. We have 154 children, varying in age from five to twenty years. Thirteen young men sleep at the Norbury Farm. Thirty-five of the older girls live at Warford Hall. We find that with the girls it is necessary to separate the older and the younger ones at an earlier age than is the case with boys. In our new and beautiful block of buildings, which was built for sixty boys and girls, we have now only little boys. We have so many more boys than girls that we are obliged to make more room for them. In our old boys' house, which was the first to be opened, sleep and live the boys of middle size, and here the young men come for meals and for prayers and to spend any time which is not occupied in work or play out of doors. Here in the evening, for an hour after the younger ones have gone to bed, these older ones sing or play games, or are read to by the matron and her assistant, who have had the care of them for so many years. They have their own bath-room and a separate table at meals. Twenty-one boys are at work in the gardens and on the farm. As they reach the age of sixteen they are promoted to sleeping at the farm. Here, too, in a separate bedroom, are our four paying patients. For it is not the poor only who are at a loss to know what to do with weak-minded children. We are delighted to find that it answers very well to take a few boys and girls of a higher social rank than the majority of our children. Since all are made to behave as well as possible, there is no deterioration of manners in these little ones, and there is a very great improvement of health. The old girls' house is used for the little girls. Our school, standing in the midst of our houses, has lately, owing to the kindness of our treasurer, Mr. Gamble, been doubled in size, and the new part is in brick. We have this year laid out the land about these houses and put up fences and made our walks. Not quite all; our original drive is still only cindered. When we can afford to gravel it we shall be very glad. The cinders are very dirty.

Warford Hall, with its beautiful gardens, has been the last house to be opened. It has been very costly; we had so much to do in the way of drainage and alterations to make the place thoroughly sanitary and suitable for our girls. But it really now leaves little to be desired. It is light and airy and very pretty; moreover, it is much nearer to our little laundry than was the old girls' house—a very great advantage, both from the point of view of convenience, and because we did not like our big girls to walk to and fro on the high road to their work. I wonder if anyone, who has not had it to do, can imagine how many little and big details must be thought out and carefully attended to if it is to be possible to segregate and to detain feeble-minded persons. It will be easier if we are given legal powers, but still there will be all the hundred and one things to think of, if these poor grown-up children are to be kept safe and happy—detained without their ever knowing the meaning of the word detention.

Perhaps one of the saddest and most significant facts that has been brought out by the inquiries made on behalf of

the Royal Commission is what some of us were very well aware of: that there is a larger proportion of defectives in the country than in the towns. There are very good reasons for it, but it seems sad that the country, which should be so happy and healthy for all its children, should prove to be, in this most serious of all respects, less healthy than the towns. It shows, what wise men of science have told us all along, that weakness of intellect is not produced or prevented by environment, but is an inborn characteristic, and therefore hereditary in its nature. The weak in intellect are as numerous amongst the very rich as amongst the very poor. The dainty nursery, wholesome food, and delicate nurture of the child of the wealthy mental degenerate cannot save it from its fate; it is consoling to think that, on the other hand, neither can poverty and its attendant evils make an imbecile out of the child of sane and healthy parents.

I hope that none of your readers will think that because I have gloried in this letter over all that we have at Sandlebridge, that I am content or that I ought to be content. There is very much that we need for our children, and that we must ultimately have. We need a home for our adult men. They will presently, and that at no distant date (long, I fear before we reap any advantage from the report of the Commission) need to be separated from our youths. We need also a new laundry. The present one is too small for our needs, and as our numbers grow will be more and more inconvenient. Most of all we need a little hospital. The average health of our children is surprisingly good, especially when we remember that scarcely any of them have normal constitutions. But the weak in mind are generally weak in body also; and when they are ill, even though only with some childish ailment, it is apt to go harder with them than with ordinary children. A little hospital, with, perhaps, six beds for boys and six for girls, would be a very great boon to us.

We have a special reason for asking for it just now. We are all in trouble for we have lost a very good friend. Early in July Dr. Ashby died. It is a grievous loss, and we hardly know how we shall do without him. His personality was so rare a combination of good and beautiful gifts. His approval carried so much weight that it is not too much to say that to secure it was a great step towards success; his great mind and clear judgment were always at our service; he was always ready to teach and guide us; his sympathy and help carried us through many a dark time. He had no idea how very greatly he was loved and respected. I think he never thought about himself at all, but only of the children to whom he devoted his life. Now that we have lost him we are anxious to secure that in some way his name shall be perpetuated at Sandlebridge, and we want to build a memorial hospital. He would have liked that. He cared very much for our success, and always desired that our children should have what they needed. You kindly asked me to make this letter the means of a special appeal to your readers. I hope they will think I am justified in accepting your invitation. If there be any amongst them who have ever taken a child to be examined by Dr. Ashby, they

will know that I have not been able to do him justice by what I have said. It was a wonderful thing to see a little nervous child who had been dreading the visit to the doctor cheer up and become quite easy and happy when Dr. Ashby spoke to it. His secret was his own. He never made a fuss with children, was always very quiet with them, but, like many big people, he was very gentle, and the children seemed to feel instinctively that he was their friend.

In conclusion, please allow me to thank once more, through you, all the friends who have done so much in the past to bring my dreams to pass.

MARY DENDY.

13, Clarence-road, Withington, Manchester.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH TRAMPS.

(Showing there is good in everybody. By an occasional correspondent.)

THE scene was the top of a lofty hill in Northamptonshire, crossed by the high road to London. The time, late afternoon of a dark and thunderous day in July.

I had journeyed many miles that day—on wheels, according to the fashion of this age—and had passed and overtaken hundreds, literally hundreds, of tramps. With some of these I had already conversed as we sheltered from recurrent storms under hedges or wayside trees; and I had committed, with a joyful conscience, all the vices of indiscriminate charity. But now the rain came on in earnest. Blacker and blacker grew the skies, and just as I reached the top of this shelterless hill the windows of heaven were opened and the flood burst.

No house was in sight. But, looking round me, in that spirit of despair bred of black weather and a wet skin, I saw, in the middle of a large bare field, a shepherd's box—a thing on wheels, large enough, perhaps, to accommodate a prosperous vendor of ice-cream. Abandoning my iron friend to the cold mercies of the ditch, I scaled the wall, crossed the field, and dived into the dry interior of the box. At one bound I entered into full possession of all the freedom of Diogenes in his tub, with no Alcibiades to bother me. The absolute seclusion of the country was all my own.

The box was closed by a half door, with an aperture above facing towards the road. Had the animal inside possessed four legs instead of two, his body would have filled the box and his head would have projected into the rain. Though my head was inside, I could see well enough what was going on in the road. Presently there passed two cyclists—a young man and woman—racing through the storm. I shouted to them, but my voice was drowned in the din. Some minutes elapsed, during which I had the company of my thoughts. Then suddenly there appeared on the wall the incarnate figures of two tramps, unquestionably such. They had seen the box, and were making tracks for it with all their might.

I confess that for a moment my spirit quailed within me. Seen at that distance, the newcomers looked ugly customers, they had me in a trap, and, had I possessed pistols, I verily believe that I should have been silly enough to "look to the

priming." But, having no open alternatives of that kind before me, necessity determined the policy I was to pursue, and I resolved at once for a friendly attitude. Waiting till the tramps were well within hearing, I thrust my head from the afore-said aperture and cried aloud as follows: "Walk up, gentlemen! It's my annual free day. No charge for seats."

Macbeth and Banquo were not more affrighted by the apparition of witches on the blasted heath, than were these two individuals, when they heard the voice from the box, and saw the face of him that spake. They stopped dead, stared, and, though I won't give this on oath, turned pale. I believe they were genuinely scared.

Presently one of them—say Macbeth—broke into a loud and merry laugh. The sound of it was worth more to me at that moment than a sheaf of testimonials, for I remembered Carlyle's dictum that there is nothing irremediably wrong with any man who can utter a hearty laugh.

"All right, guv'nor," came the reply, "we'll take two stalls in the front row."

"Good!" I replied. "Wire just received from the Prince and Princess of Wales resigning their seats. Bring your own opera-glasses, and don't forget the fans."

"Got 'em both," said Macbeth.

A moment later I found myself in close physical proximity with two of the dirtiest rascals in Christendom. A reconciler of opposites, bent on knocking our heads together, would have had an easy task, for there was not more than eight inches between them. Misfortunes are said to bring out the fragrance of noble natures, and I can testify that the wetting these men had received most effectually brought out the fragrance of theirs. And the ventilation was none too good.

The language in which the newcomers proceeded to introduce themselves was not of the kind usually printed in the columns of THE INQUIRER, though it had a distinctly theological tinge. More strenuous blasphemy I have never heard on land—or sea.

The introductions concluded—they were sufficient—Macbeth, as though suddenly recollecting an interrupted train of thought, broke out: "Say, mister, did yer see them two go by on bicycles just now?"

"Yes." "Well, I see 'em, quarter of a mile oop the road, crouching oonder t'hedge"—he spoke Yorkshire*—"wet to skin, and she nowt on but a cotton blouse. So I sez to her, 'My dear, ye'll get yer death o' cold.' 'Yes,' she says, 'and me with a weak chest.' Pore young thing, I'm fair sorry for her. I tow'd t'young man to tek his co-at off and put it ra-ownd her. But it was no good. My! What rain! Nivver see nothing like it. They'll be fair drowned. I think I'll go and fetch 'em in. Holy potatoes!" (Will any of your correspondents explain this expression? It was evoked by a crash of thunder which burst immediately above the box and seemed to hurl us into space.)

"No good fetching 'em in now," I

replied, taking a point of view which I afterwards saw to have been that of the Priest and Levite. "They'd suffer more damage getting here than staying where they are. Besides, where would you put 'em?" "That's t'rew," said Macbeth. "This ain't no place for ladies, anyhow." It wasn't. "But just think of that poor young thing—nowt on, I tell yer, but a cotton blouse. Hello! there's a cart coming. I'll tell t'man to tek 'em oop."

Out jumped Macbeth into the pelting rain, and presently I heard him shouting to the man in charge: "Hey, mister! There's a young man and woman crouching under t'hedge oop t'ro-ad. She nowt on but a cotton blouse! It isn't sa-afe, yer know, in this thoonder and lightnin'. Tek her oop and put a sack or two on her."

I gathered the result of the interview was satisfactory to Macbeth, for presently he came back steaming into the box. For some minutes he continued to mutter, with the thunder, about "poor young things," "cotton blouses," and "weak chests." But the altruistic passion in the man had spent itself for the moment, and now the conversation began to take other forms. Banquo began to enter into the dialogue. His contributions so far had been mainly interjectory and blasphemous, a department of which he was obviously a more versatile exponent than the other—who was by no means a 'prentice hand. And here I must note a curious thing. Whether it was that the box afforded no proper theatre for exhibiting the natural dignity of my carriage, or that the light was not good, or that I am a ruffian at heart and had been caught at an unguarded moment—whatever the true cause may have been, I am certain that up to this moment my two companions had no suspicion that I was not a tramp like themselves. It was Banquo who unmasked the truth. His mind was less pre-occupied with the sufferings of the "poor young thing," and no doubt had been taking observations. The result of these he proceeded to communicate to Macbeth by a series of nudges and winks which, in the close proximity of the moment, I felt rather than saw. On the whole, I am sorry that their first delusion—if, indeed, it was a delusion, of which I am genuinely doubtful—was not maintained. However, the discovery opened the way to fresh developments. They ceased to address me as "Johnny," "old joker," or something worse; ceased swearing, for which, lover of originality as I am, I was thankful; and began generally to pay me the respect due to the fact that the soles of my boots were intact. Theirs were in a very different condition.

I can't disguise that there was something like an awkward pause. But I exerted myself to bridge the chasm, and, thanks to them rather than to me, it was bridged. "Where are you going to-night?" I asked as soon as the *modus vivendi* was assured. "Ain't going nowhere in particular," said Banquo. "We just go anywhere." "What!" I said, "don't you know where you'll pass the night?" "Well, it's just this way," returned the other. "Me and my mate here are musicians, and we just go this way and that according to where the publics are. It's in the publics we makes what living

we gets—singing in the bars and cadging for drink and coppers." "And a bloomin' shame we should have to do it!" chimed in Macbeth. "But what can yer do? My trade's a mason; Leeds is where I come from; but when they're short of work, if you've got two grey hairs and another chap's got only one, you gets the sack, and has to live as best yer can. God knows I don't want this beastly life. But it's a good thing I've got it to turn to. Most on 'em has nowt but their trades, and them's the ones as has to starve. But me and my mate here happens to be moosical. Used to sing in St. — Church in Leeds. Leading bass, I was—a bit irregular, I'll own, and that's why they wouldn't keep me on. My mate plays the cornet. He used to be in the band of the — Fusiliers. Served in South Africa, he did, and got a sock in the face from a shell; yer can see the 'ole under his eye. Good thing it didn't 'it him in the ma-outh, or he wouldn't ha' been able to play the cornet any more. Know Yorkshire, mister?" I replied that I did. "Well, if yer knows Yorkshire, yer knows there's plenty of music up there. They can tell music, when they hear it, in Yorkshire, so they can. But these caownties down here, why, the people knows no more about music nor pigs. They can't tell the difference between a man what really can sing and one of these 'ere 'owlin' 'umbugs that goes draggin' little children up and daown t' streets. That sort makes more money than we does. And I tell you, him 'ere"—indicating Banquo—"is a good cornet player. 'Ere, Banquo, fetch it out o' your pocket, lad, and play the gentleman a toon."

As far as I could judge, Banquo's pocket was situated somewhere in the middle of his back, for it was from a region in that quarter, where I had already felt a hard excrescence, due as I might have thought to an unextracted cannon-ball received in South Africa, that the cornet was produced. "Play the gentleman 'The Merry Widder,'" said Macbeth, "and wait till the thunder's stopped rolling before you begin." The "Merry Widder" was well and duly played, and fully bore out Macbeth's eulogism of the player. It was followed by something from Maritana, and other things which I forget. Though the mouth of the trumpet was only a few inches from the drum of my ear, yet the din of the rain on the roof was such that the effect was not unpleasant; at all events, it was a welcome relief from the frightful strain on the olfactory organ. The man, I say, was a good player, and I remember wishing, as I listened to him, that there was anything in life that I could do half as well. As he finished one of his selections, the gloom seemed to deepen; it became almost dark as night, the rain ceased for a moment, and then there shot in upon us a burst of fire and an explosion of thunder, so near and so overwhelming that I verily believe it was a narrow escape from death. "That's something to put the fear of God into a man," said Macbeth, as the volley rolled into distance. "My crikiey! But I've heard say, mister, that the thunder is the voice of the wrath of God." "I'm sure it is," I replied. "Sounds like it

* The reader who would get the full flavour of Macbeth's conversation should translate it, if he can, into a broad Yorkshire dialect. This I have indicated here and there by the spelling of a word, which is as far as, or perhaps farther than, my own competence extends.

anyhow. I wonder if that there chap with the cart has got that young woman under cover. She'll be scared out of her life. Eh, but isn't it dark? It might be half-past ten. Here, matey"—to Banquo—"let's have something in keepin' loike. Give us 'Lead, Kindly Light,' lad, -on t'cornet, and I'll sing the bass. I want t'gentleman to hear my voice."

The hymn was sung in a voice as good as some that have made great fortunes, and with a depth of emotion like that which inspired the verses, and I can say little more than that the singing, in that strange setting, with muttering thunder for an undertone, was a thing I shall not forget. "Do you know anything about that hymn?" said Macbeth (the tears made watercourses down his dirty face) when it was over. "Yes," I said, "a little." "But I know *all* about it," replied Macbeth. "Him as wrote that hymn was Cardinal Newman. They say he wrote it at sea; maybe he wrote it in a storm. He was a Protestant, and was just turning into a Catholic. Didn't know whether he would or whether he wouldn't, loike. That's what he means when he says, 'Lead, Kindly Light.' He was i' th' dark, and wanted lightin'. It was all dark, don't you see, just loike it is naow."

Some minutes elapsed, during which neither Banquo nor I said a word. I stole a glance at the "ole under his eye," and saw that it was no laughing matter to "get a sock in the face from a shell." I remember the words running in my head "he hath no form nor comeliness. Yet he was wounded for our transgression and the chastisement of our peace was upon him." Meanwhile Macbeth, *more suo*, continued to mutter like a man in a troubled dream, now humming a bar of the tune, now drawing out a phrase from the words, "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is done"—this, I believe, he repeated several times, lighting his pipe in the intervals and spitting out of the door. Then he went on more articulately: "Rum go, aint it—me singing that hymn in a place like this? Sung it in church 'undreds o' times. We give it sometimes in the streets. It's part of our *répertoire* (he pronounced this word quite correctly). But I can't help makin' a babby o' mysen whenever I think o' what it means. I don't think of it as a rewle. I should break down if I did; like as I nearly did just naow. Oh Lor! I can get on all right till I comes to th' end. It's them 'angel faces' wot knocks the stuffing out o' me!"

"Same 'ere," I replied; and I put my head out of the aperture for a breath of fresh air.

THE REV. Thomas Lord, of Horncastle, the celebration of whose centenary we noticed last April, has just passed away after a short illness. Mr. Lord was born at Olney, Bucks, in 1808. Owing to failing eyesight he retired from the Congregational ministry in 1878, but has ever since—even to the last months of his remarkably long life—been actively engaged in preaching, in temperance work, and in advocating the principles of the Peace Society. A life-long non-smoker and a great believer in exercise, he attributed his long life to his abstemious and regular habits.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

A MANUSCRIPT SERMON BY DR. PRIESTLEY.

I HAVE before me a manuscript sermon by Dr. Priestley, written in old-fashioned shorthand, with the title "The Christian Life and Pilgrimage." It was evidently a favourite sermon with him, as he marked on it six occasions on which he preached it. It is interesting to trace its use, together with the vicissitudes of his own life, which gave fresh illustration to his text, from Hebrews xi. 13: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

The sermon appears to have been preached first at Leeds, either before his settlement there (in 1767) or shortly afterwards—the last figure of the date is indistinct. It was, at any rate, before he had experienced in any severe form the persecutions which afterwards beset him, or had realised at all fully his fellowship with the early Christians, who were troubled on every side, misrepresented, opposed, and found no settled resting-place in the world.

But even at Leeds, although, as he has himself recorded, he "continued six years very happy with a liberal, friendly, and harmonious congregation," to whom his services (of which he was not sparing) "were very acceptable," he learned that in the scientific world the progress of a heterodox divine and discoverer was not as easy as that of an orthodox theologian or an Atheist. He was proposed, on account of his eminent qualifications, to accompany Captain Cook on his second voyage to the South Seas, and would have gone with the good-will of the heads of his congregation, who were willing to make temporary arrangements during his absence, but some clergymen on the Board of Longitude objected to his latitude, and, because they disliked his "religious principles," elected someone who hadn't any.

The "Pilgrimage" sermon was given a second time as a lecture in Leeds, and preached also at Bradford, and, after Priestley's removal to Birmingham, he delivered it at both the Old and the New Meeting Houses of that town in 1787. Nearly four years later his own bitter persecution began. In Birmingham the zeal of ignorance and bigotry, set alight from high places and fanned into flame by persons in authority, raged with a burning flame which destroyed the meeting-house in which Priestley preached and another meeting-house in the town; then Priestley's dwelling-house, demolishing his library, apparatus, and, as far as possible, everything belonging to him. The houses of his friends and other prominent Dissenters were also burned or damaged.

It is unlikely that Priestley would have escaped the personal violence of the mob but for the forethought of his friends, who, anticipating the danger more clearly than he did himself, induced him to make a visit to the house of one of them situated in what were then the outskirts of the town. Had he known of the immediate peril, they considered that it would have been impossible to get him away from his home. It was from the garden of this friend's house that he saw the smoke and

flames arising which told him of the destruction of his valued "philosophical instruments" and the records of many years of patient labour; and, as he looked, he uttered the words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

His life was in danger, and no place in England seemed safe for him, excepting, perhaps, London. His sympathy with the French struggle for liberty and his plainly avowed Unitarianism had been so represented and misrepresented that even in London he was not to find a resting-place. The man who had begged for the lives of the men who had set fire to his house was execrated for his religious principles, and one time he was shot at. Scientific men turned away from him.

A few faithful friends obtained for him the invitation, not unanimous, to become minister of the Hackney congregation. It was, I believe, in the stage coach which carried Dr. Priestley's daughter to London or Hackney that she heard a fellow-traveller inside the coach denouncing Priestley as one of the most horrible and execrable of men, who ought not to be allowed to live a day longer. On getting out of the coach, she quietly remarked, "You have been speaking of my father. I am Dr. Priestley's daughter, and he is one of the kindest and best men on earth."

Soon after his settlement at Hackney, Dr. Priestley preached again his "Pilgrimage" sermon, in 1792, with what added feeling and realisation of the meaning of the words he uttered, to himself and to his hearers, we may perhaps imagine. But he had not an abiding-place at Hackney, though his calm and religious spirit found advantages there in the companionship of Lindsey and Belsham. Most of the members of the Royal Society shunned him on account of his religious or political opinions. The bigotry of his country made it impossible for him to place his sons satisfactorily in England. His own position, he wrote, "if not hazardous, was become unpleasant." He emigrated to America, and settled at Northumberland, Pennsylvania. He hoped to revisit his friends in England, if not to settle again in his native land, but while he was in a condition sufficiently strong and vigorous to undertake the journey, it was not considered safe for him to return to a country in which his name still was associated with the ideas of dangerous heresy and sedition, and he might bring danger to the lives and goods of his friends and himself. Yet his favourite study was how to restore uncorrupted Christianity to the minds and hearts of his contemporaries, and he had no belief in violent changes in the English or any other constitution.

He found that the true Christian might still be "a stranger and pilgrim on earth," and that his own path had to be

"Through looks of fire and words of scorn."

But his memoirs and the record of his deeds show that in calm trustfulness he continued to sing, say, and act "praises unto God."

PRIESTLEY PRIME.

To show thee where their feet were set,
The light which led them shineth yet.

Whittier.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION. ANOTHER BIG WEEK.

THERE have already been a number of days which seemed to justify the fear of a break up of the wonderful weather, but so far there has been no serious interference with the work of the Mission on this account. It is, however, the chief cause of anxiety to those who are in the field, and three meetings lost, and others injured, because of the rain, are reported this week. Another fortnight or so of fine nights would enable us to pass the number of meetings recorded for last season. Just over a hundred days have now passed since the Mission opened, and less than a score of meetings have so far been lost through the weather. The Midlands Van, indeed, reported its hundredth meeting on the 23rd, and next week we hope other vans may reach the same number.

It will be seen that there has again been a splendid series of meetings. The remarkable Mission at Stenhousemuir came to an end on Tuesday, the 19th, with a great meeting at which over 3,000 persons were present. The next night, at Bonnybridge, there was a big falling off, the report showing that only 200 were present. But it can be well understood that Mr. Russell wanted a rest after his run of great meetings, extending over fifteen nights. And so he had come into Bonnybridge entirely unannounced—no advertisement, no handbills, no placard; only the arrival of the van to show that anything was afoot. The indications, however, are that there will be large gatherings at this place also, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Russell may keep his health for the arduous task in which he is engaged. The great attendance at the Scotch meetings has been the main factor in swelling the statistics of the last three weeks, and in the present returns the 5,000 at Stenhousemuir account for a third of the week's total. The figures for the other vans, however, continue to be full of encouragement, and this week's report proves to be the second best of the season. The gross attendance a fortnight ago was considerably higher than that of the present week, but there were more meetings also, and when these are allowed for it transpires that the average for the meetings reported to-day, irrespective of the Scotch figures, is 537, as against 492 in the week ending August 9, and 703 last week. The record of this holiday month, therefore, continues to be remarkable, and the only explanation seems to be that the coming of the van is looked for, and that advertising is almost unnecessary to ensure a gathering. In districts where the population practically is continuous the intelligence is rapidly carried by sympathisers, and it is also fairly obvious from Mr. Russell's experience that where a long stay can be made the knowledge—and, let us hope, the appreciation also—of the Mission spreads far and wide. In less thickly populated districts it is requisite that some public announcement should be made, and some of our friends think that the Mission would be far more successful if greater publicity were given. Perhaps if larger funds were at our disposal this might be done; but it is one of the satisfactory features of the work that it has hitherto been carried on without that preliminary

advertising which is generally judged to be essential to the success of a movement. Its success has been spontaneous, and not artificial, and while larger methods are as yet in reserve, this aspect of the Mission should commend itself to our friends, who have a good deal to do yet for us in the way of helping us to fulfil the financial obligations which we have already incurred, and to meet which assistance is very urgently required.

LONDON DISTRICT (Lay missionary, Mr. H. K. BROADHEAD).—The Southall meetings were eminently satisfactory. The opposition continued in a milder form, and as time went on, the missionary, Rev. W. H. Rose, had the sympathy of the audiences almost entirely on his side. Applause was frequent, and there were marked evidences of interest and approval. Mr. Rose writes that one of the most encouraging features of the meetings was the attendance of large numbers of intelligent young men. They did not ask many questions, but they listened most attentively, and some expressed their thanks and appreciation in private. There was a strong desire that further meetings should be held during the winter months, and one of the number offered to act as local secretary if arrangements could be made. On Thursday the van moved to Uxbridge, where Rev. W. R. Shanks joined as missionary. No meeting was possible, however, on the night of the arrival, nor again on Sunday, owing to the heavy rain. On Friday and Saturday there were good attendances, and much interest was displayed. A vote of sympathy with the families of the miners who lost their lives in the Lancashire pit disaster was passed. On Saturday the police would not allow the van to be placed on the ground, and the meeting was accordingly held without it. This week-end the van is at Maidenhead, and should reach Henley on September 3 and Reading on the 7th.

MIDLAND DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. B. TALBOT).—Rev. E. W. Sealey, writing of the three large closing meetings at Sedgley, describes them as a fine sequel to those at Gornal Wood. There was the most striking attention given, and excellent group-chats after the meetings. A number of persons visited the Van, and their expressions of appreciation and gratitude for the message were quite overwhelming. Mr. Sealey feels convinced that a common-sense religion finds the people most responsive, that their absence from churches is largely due to their honesty, and that it is good for them to know that honesty is not gone out of religion. The friends from Coseley continued to give welcome assistance till the end of the Mission, and Miss Aston presided at the harmonium. The opening at Wolverhampton had to be postponed until Friday in consequence of bad weather, and the other meetings were interfered with a good deal by the rain, though none had actually to be abandoned. The attendances, however, naturally fluctuated, and were driven to shelter more than once. Audiences of 600 and 700 were accordingly first-class, and justified the anticipations that Wolverhampton would give us good meetings. On the Friday evening two other meetings were being held simultaneously, and had about half the number

of people who were attending the Van meeting. Rev. Alfred Hall has been missionary, and Rev. J. A. Shaw has presided, while the local friends have helped with the music, and Miss Wright has played for the hymns. Walsall is being visited this week-end, and on Wednesday the Van will be at Wednesbury.

SOUTH WALES DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. A. Barnes).—The week had an unfortunate beginning at Mountain Ash. The Van arrived after tea, and found that the site was almost hopeless. Rev. J. Hathren Davies, the missionary, who was accompanied by Rev. D. J. Evans and Mr. Barnes, accordingly went into the town, where Mr. Evans quickly drew a large crowd with his solo-singing. For some reason, however, it was not deemed expedient to proceed with a meeting, and an announcement was simply made as to the order of proceedings for the following night. But nothing of an audience could be gathered in the out-of-the-way corner where the Van had been pitched, and, while about thirty people looked in, it was not worth carrying on the meeting beyond about twenty-five minutes. Two nights were thus lost. The last night the Van was left behind, and our friends had a meeting of over 300 in one of the open spaces near the centre of the town. At Treorchy on the Thursday, Rev. J. Wain was missionary, and his meetings have been well attended. On Sunday he conducted service at the "Christless Chapel," and afterwards held an "umbrella meeting," which was largely attended. Mr. J. Lewis, of Pontypridd, lent his horses to bring the Van from Mountain Ash. Meetings are fixed for Tonypandy this week-end, and on the 3rd prox. Pontypridd will be reached, and Merthyr Tydfil on the 10th.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Southall, August 17 to 19, three meetings, attendance 2,050. Uxbridge, August 20 to 23, two meetings, 800.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.—Sedgley, August 17 to 19, three meetings, attendance 2,000. Wolverhampton, August 20 to 23, three meetings, 1,650.

SCOTLAND.—Stenhousemuir, August 17 and 18, two meetings, attendance 5,000. Bonnybridge, August 19 to 23, five meetings, 1,550.

SOUTH WALES.—Mountain Ash, August 17 to 19, one meeting, attendance 350. Treorchy, August 20 to 23, four meetings, 1,750.

TOTALS.—August 17 to 23, 23 meetings, attendance 15,150, average 658.

THOS. P. SPEDDING.

*Clovecroft, Buckingham-road,
Heaton Chapel, nr. Stockport.*

SCOTTISH VAN.

I lectured at Stenhousemuir for fifteen consecutive evenings. Never shall I forget the intense enthusiasm manifested by the people there. On Monday, August 17, I had an audience of more than 2,000, and on Tuesday, August 18, I had more than 3,000 people present. The *Falkirk Herald*, in a short paragraph referring to my meetings, says 3,000 people were round the Van. The police officer told me he was sure there were more than 3,000. After speaking to large audiences

for fifteen consecutive nights, I wanted a change, and so came to Bonnybridge, where I knew my meetings would be smaller. On Wednesday, August 19, I spoke to 200 people. On Thursday I had 250 listening to me. On Friday 350, and on Saturday 350. On Sunday night I conducted a service in the Public Hall, and had over 400 people present. The service in the Public Hall was arranged in this way. A number of men from Bonnybridge came regularly to my meetings at Stenhousemuir. They offered to take the Public Hall and to guarantee the expense if I would conduct the service. Of course, I consented. So the hall was hired, and the service was more than a success. People were present from Falkirk, Camelon, Grahamston, Denny, Dennyloanhead, Stenhousemuir, and other places. I have taken the Hall for next Sunday evening. Yesterday morning, Sunday, August 23, I again preached in the Universalist Church at Stenhousemuir, and the room was packed.

E. T. RUSSELL.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

Aberdeen.—On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 23, the Rev. Alexander Webster closed his meetings on the Broad Hill for the season with a review of his nineteen years' work thereon. He began there on June 7, 1885, and continued every summer until the present, with the exception of the years 1890-6. He had 202 meetings in all, with an average attendance of 800. Other attempts at meetings there had failed; he alone persisted and succeeded. The opportunities of questioning were eagerly taken advantage of. Of late the opposition from orthodox questioners had almost died out and given place to an evident agreement and appreciation. On the same day, the Rev. M. R. Scott, of Southport, preached to large congregations forenoon and evening.

Bolton: Halliwell Road (Resignation).—The Rev. H. E. Haycock has resigned the pulpit of the Free Church, and will relinquish his charge at the end of the present year.

Coalville.—The congregation which is meeting for service in the adult school hall during the erection of their own meeting-room, shortly to be opened, had the pleasure last Sunday of welcoming Mrs. Tingle, of Derby, whose sermon on "The Grand Powerlessness of Christ"—"He saved others, himself he could not save"—made a deep impression. The congregation is in good heart, and is looking forward to still greater progress when they enter into possession of their new home.

Hull.—In order to emphasise the religious character of church membership, and also to provide better facilities in favour of young people who wish to join the church, certain alterations have been unanimously adopted by the committee and congregation, on the motion of Mr. W. B. Holmes, Superintendent of the

Sunday-school. The payment of pew-rent has hitherto been the basis of membership. This will be continued for all who wish it, but a card of membership will be handed once every year to the members, and the acceptance of this and payment of 1s. will be considered to constitute membership. The card will give the main details of the history of the congregation, the name of its first minister, Mr. Charles (one of the Ejected of 1662), &c., and the following explanation:—"No doctrinal test is imposed as a condition of membership in this church. Seeking Righteousness and Truth in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." There will also be an Annual Covenant Service, at which all members of the church will be urged to be present, for the renewing of membership and the welcome of new members.

London: Peckham.—Mr. Delta Evans is to conduct the evening services at Avondale-road for six months, commencing October 4th. The morning services will continue to be conducted by the Rev. Jesse Hipperson.

Whitchurch, Salop.—August 9th was the Sunday-school Anniversary at the Church of the Saviour. The sermon was preached by the minister, Rev. W. J. Pond, in the morning on "Great Ends out of Small Beginnings." The congregation was three times larger than a usual morning gathering. In the evening a service of song, "Primrose Garth," was rendered, when the building was well filled.

We do know that we may receive purification from one another, that the tenderness, and love, and patience of one man act in a marvellous way upon another, when those qualities seem the furthest from him, when he most confesses that they do not belong to him. We do not set ourselves deliberately to follow examples. The examples get the mastery over us; there is a life in the men who exhibit them which awakens life in us.—*F. D. Maurice.*

I HEAR men speak continually of going to a "better world," rather than of its coming to them: but in that prayer, which they have straight from the lips of the Light of the World, there is not anything about going to another world; only of another government coming into this, which will constitute it a world indeed; new heavens and a new earth. "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."—*Ruskin.*

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, August 30.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15, Mr. S. C. PRIOR; 7, Mr. E. B. ATHAWES.
Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7.

Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road. Closed until September 6.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road. Services suspended during August.
Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.
Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 6.30, Mr. Dunn.
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. HENRY RAWLINGS, M.A.
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. F. K. FREESTON.
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR.
Ilford, The Cleveland Hall, Cleveland Road, 7, Mr. H. L. JACKSON.
Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W. No morning service during August; 7, Mr. A. SAVAGE COOPER.
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS. No evening service.
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. FREDERIC ALLEN.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Rev. J. HIPPERSON; 6.30, Mr. R. W. PETTINGER.
Plumstead, Common-road Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.
Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. FELIX TAYLOR, B.A. No Evening Service.
Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; and 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.
Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Mr. E. WEBSTER. No evening service during August.
Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. A. E. CARLIER; 6.30, Mr. S. P. PENWARDEN.
Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. R. SHANKS.
Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 11 and 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.

ABBEYSTWICH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30.
BATH, Trim-street Chapel. Closed until September 6.
BEDFIELD, 2.30 and 6.30.
BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COE.
BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars. No Service during August.
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JANKIN EVANS.
DOUGLAS, L.O.M., The Gymnasium, Kensington-road (off Bucks-road), 11 and 6.30, Ministers from Manchester and District.
DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.
FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.
GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk, 6.30, Rev. W. ROSLING. "Is Religion Declining."
HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES HARGROVE, M.A.
LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GERTRUD VON PETZOLD.
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK WALTERS.
LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. PERRIS.

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NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY STREET, B.A.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. M. LIVEN.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Anniversary Services, Rev. A. H. DOLPHIN.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11, Rev. J. W. COCK; 6.30, Rev. W. MELLOR.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
 TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. RATTENBURY HODGES.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road. Closed during August.
 WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.
 WINDERMERE, Bowness Institute, North Terrace, 11, Rev. DOUGLAS WALMSLEY, B.A.

GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse, 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

MARRIAGES.

LEE — MARSTON. — On August 22, at St. Thomas' Church, Birmingham (by the Rev. S. F. Pilcher, M.A.), Thomas Oliver, elder son of Thomas Grosvenor Lee, of Clent House, near Stourbridge, to Phyllis Hornblower, only daughter of the late William York Marston and of Mrs. Marston, of Stanmore-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

TALBOT — WOOD. — On August 20, at Llanbedr Church, Merioneth, by Rev. W. H. Hughes, Rector, assisted by Rev. Francis Wingate Pearce, M.A., Francis Talbot, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.D.S. Eng., fourth son of Charles Henry Talbot, Esq., of Highgate, to Augusta Mary, eldest daughter of Richard Wood, Esq., M.D., of Llanbedr, late of Bromsgrove and Barnt Green.

DEATH.

GARSDIE. — On August 19, at her residence Woodville, Alexandra-street, Cheltenham, Miss Jane Garsdie, late of Stalybridge, aged 70 years.

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